

PIOTTED TO KILL A HUSBAND

The National
POLICE GAZETTE
The Leading Illustrated Sporting Journal in America.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

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WASHIN



CHICAGO GIRLS ON A LARK.

IN THE ABSENCE OF CONVENTIONAL BATHING COSTUMES THEY WEAR THEIR BROTHER'S CLOTHES.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A startling story of contemplated murder is revealed in an action brought for divorce in Chicago, and if the allegations contained in the papers filed in the Supreme Court are true, criminal action should be instituted in addition to the suit for separation. It appears from the sworn statement of Mrs. Bella H. Hassett that her husband conspired with a Mrs. Nellie Stone to poison the aged husband of the latter woman. After this had been accomplished the man proposed to secure a divorce from his wife and marry the woman he had aided in making a widow. Fortunately the alleged plot was discovered in time to prevent its consummation. Hassett, while under the influence of liquor abused his wife and boasted of his intrigues with other women. In an unguarded moment he declared that his trunk contained letters from his paramour. Woman like, Mrs. Hassett searched the trunk during her husband's absence and found a number of loving letters written by Mrs. Stone to Hassett. They revealed the plot to poison Mr. Stone. Mrs. Hassett promptly put the letters in the hands of an attorney and instituted proceedings for divorce. These letters, if genuine, are sufficient to convict the man and woman.

Mrs. Stone, in writing to her lover, describes the manner in which it was proposed to poison her husband, and exhibits some little sentiment when she says: "It would be a deliberate act of mine, and, oh, how heartless it would seem! But a woman will do anything for love!"

It is hard to believe that a woman could deliberately murder the man she had sworn to love even for the love of another man.

Even though cold blooded it would appear that Mrs. Stone had some regard for respectability, for she writes:

"Now, if we succeed, we will have to be very careful. He has a son who would have to be sent for, and he and I could settle everything better alone. You see I would have to keep my place as a widow a proper length of time in order to be anybody in the future, and I am sure you would want your wife to be somebody of good standing. Now think of all this; you know you have to have a divorce, and I could, by living careful, see you often and still be well thought of."

Fortunately the woman is not yet a widow. Old Mr. Stone has by this time realized his narrow escape, and he will probably make things lively for his wife and her paramour.

MASKS AND FACES.

Koster & Bial's New and Magnificent Theatre.

AMY BUSBY'S DIVORCE SUIT

How a Gentleman Was Convinced of Miss Mora's Sex.

A TICKET SPECULATOR'S POWER



FANCY that the experiment which began in West Thirty-fourth street this week will enable observant New Yorkers to judge for themselves just how far this big town has become cosmopolitan.

Messrs. Koster & Bial, who about twenty-five years ago were bottlers of lager beer, and who through various stages came to be proprietors of a concert garden in West Twenty-third street, that in recent years has been transformed into a sort of combination of the cheaper kind of London music hall and the cheaper kind of Paris *cafe chantant*, while retaining always a strong likeness to the typical German beer garden, are the persons who are interested above all others in the result of this new scheme.

Oscar Hammerstein, who will be more or less silent, but not inconspicuous, partner, stands where he did. His big Manhattan Opera House having failed to pay as a theatre, he has not much to lose if it fails as a music hall, and much to gain if the new scheme succeeds.

Messrs. Koster & Bial have shown their faith in the experiment by spending money lavishly for alterations and new decorations. The new music hall is very unlike the old Koster & Bial's. It is a spacious, magnificent and perfectly-appointed theatre, in which high prices are charged and elaborate stage performances given. Its likeness to the Empire in London and the Olympia in Paris is obvious, but New York is not yet Paris or London.

Old Koster & Bial's, and its rival, the Imperial, have depended on a certain class for support—a large class, of course, in a metropolis like this, but not large enough for so great an enterprise as the new Koster & Bial's to depend upon wholly. It is a theory of New York managers that the women form their chief support. Plays are written for the women, actors act for them, and the women must go to the new Koster & Bial's and like it, if that enterprise is to succeed.

The American "variety show" seems to have been a gradual development from four different sources—namely, the old "free-and-easy" and cellar "concert halls" which grew up New York would not tolerate, but which every middle-aged citizen can remember as glowing spots on dark Broadway, the now extinct stage of negro minstrelsy, the remnant of French Opera bouffe that was transplanted here in 1867, and the occasional importation from the London music halls.

Late in the sixties the variety show thrived here as it has never thrived since. Its unhealthy boom culminated in the establishment of the big theatre of varieties on the site of Tammany Hall, which failed.

Variety performers, following in the wake of J. K. Eumet, then began to invade the dramatic stage with "specialty plays," and the pendulum of variety swung backward.

Lately there has been a revival of variety, and a growth of interest in it on the part of the people supposed to have a taste for higher things was first manifested in the prodigious success of Carmenita at the old Koster & Bial's. That place and Tony Pastor's sensibly-conducted and always respectable little theatre of varieties began to be invaded by society.

This led to the attempt to reproduce here the glories of the Empire and the Alhambra of modern Babylon, in which variety, coupled with *ballet d'action*, adorned with lace and silks and jewels, has reached its perfect flower. Rudolph Aronson made the attempt at the Casino, without sufficiently counting the cost beforehand.

On the other hand, Messrs. Koster & Bial have had many years of valuable experience. The eyes of the multitude are upon them, for they are about to settle the much vexed question of whether or not New York is really cosmopolitan.

THE BRIGHT, HANDSOME WOMEN OF THE Stage. We have elegant cabinet photographs of them all in night or in costume, price, 10c. each—over 2,000 names in the list—Send 2c stamp for catalogue. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y.

I was very much surprised recently to see Maude Branscombe tripping down Broadway. It can be safely said that she has been the subject of more photographs and fancy pictures than any other woman on the stage, not excepting Lillian Russell. Miss Branscombe's last appearance in New York was as a member of Ted Marks' International Vaudeville Company, and her alleged skirt dance and poses were far from successful. Since then everybody had been wondering what had become of her. She looks as exceedingly English as ever.

Marie Jansen has returned to town, and is busy rehearsing in her new piece, "Delmonico's at Six."

Laura Burt is very indignant over the story that a well-dressed young woman threw a glass of wine in her face while supping at Burns' restaurant. Her denial is very strong and picturesque, but when she asserts that she has only been in Burns' twice in her life—well, I suppose that's another story.

It has come at last! Pretty little Amy Busby is suing her husband, Aubrey Boucicault, for divorce, and Victory Bateman is named as co-respondent. Perhaps it would be a good scheme to get Jennie Joyce's views on the case.

There are wheels within wheels, and there are many things in theatrical life in New York which would surprise men who think that they are thoroughly well acquainted with the inner workings of the theatres. It is reasonably well known that one of the theatrical managers of this city is a bookmaker, and that a firm of gamblers runs two of the reigning attractions on Broadway.

What is not generally known, however, is the power possessed by a man whose name never figures on the programme, who has nothing to do with the arts.

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The report that May Yohe is married to Lord Hope is not credited in New York.

Della Fox has finally made up her mind to star next season. Her contract with De Wolf Hopper expires on next May, and early in August she will be launched in a musical comedy which she has just purchased in London. It is whispered that John A. Rogers is to be her manager.

Between the acts at the Garden Theatre the other night, I asked Loie Fuller how she happened to discover the serpentine dance.

"It was the result of an accident," she replied. "A friend of mine had sent me from Calcutta, a Nauchi girl's dress and I put it on. I began to pose before a large mirror and to dance about, holding the edge of the voluminous skirt in my hands. The strong sunlight shining through a stained glass window fell upon me, and the air caught the silk and floated it about me, in graceful and fantastic forms.

"I felt like another Stanley!

"I had discovered a dance!

"It took me many weeks to educate my arms, limbs and body to the dance. The graceful manipulation of the soft drapery is an extremely difficult and tiresome matter. It was dreadful at first, but I persevered, and can do six dances in a performance now with comparative ease, although I feel the exertion when I have finished and the enthusiasm of the dance has deserted me. The effects of light and the geometric figures cast upon me are a recent addition to the dance, and there are almost infinite possibilities of this feature."

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

**Left Hubby and Sought Death
In a Bagnio.**

BAD BOYS, FAIR BATHERS.

**Chicago Man Deserts His Wife
For a Pretty Typewriter.**

HAS ELOPED FIVE TIMES.

A beautiful woman, about twenty years old, attempted suicide in the bagnio kept by Madame Emma Bennett, on McGowan street, Lexington, Ky. She said she was the wife of J. C. Zanone, a guest of the Hotel Bristol, Cincinnati, O. Mrs. Zanone is a dashing blonde, and dresses very handsomely. A few days before her attempt upon her life Mrs. Zanone appeared at Madame Breezing's house and engaged board. She had a roll of about \$500 with her, and led her companions a gay life for several days, frequently spending as much as one hundred dollars in a single evening for wine. A few days later she left Mme. Breezing's and went to the Bennett bagnio, where she was given the best room in the house. That evening the woman said she was tired of the life she was living and wanted to return to her husband, who she said lived in Cincinnati at the Bristol hotel. She went to the telegraph office and sent the following telegram to J. C. Zanone, Hotel Bristol, Cincinnati:

"If you want me come to-night. Answer quick; perhaps can tell you what to do." MRS. ZANONE.

No answer came to the telegram and all day Sunday Mrs. Zanone seemed very much depressed, and several times expressed her intention of taking her life. After awaiting an answer to the message until late Sunday evening Mrs. Zanone got up from the parlor, where she was seated with a number of cyprines, and went to her room. She seized a pearl-handle dagger and struck at her heart with a force born of desperation. The keen blade struck the steel in her corset, and, glancing, barely escaped penetrating the heart, and sank into her flesh about two inches. The sight of blood caused the woman to lose courage, and she made no further attempt to kill herself. The wound is not in itself fatal, but the would-be suicide was completely prostrated. Mrs. Zanone was seen by a POLICE GAZETTE representative. She said that she was the wife of J. C. Zanone, of Hotel Bristol, and had been married several years ago. She fell out with Mr. Zanone last Sunday, and in a sudden whirl of passion left him.

She did not know what had caused her to enter into a life of shame, but she was sorry for what she had done and wanted to return to her husband. She said that she had telephoned Mr. Zanone to come and take her home at once, but as he had not even answered her message she determined to take her life. Mrs. Zanone said she had never before been angry with her "hubby," but he said something to her on Sunday last that no "true lady could digest," consequently she left him. Mrs. Zanone has quite a history. She hails from Mokando, Ill., and her maiden name was Allie Harris. When 17 years of age she was seduced by Albert Holmer, of Dongola, Ill., she says, and taken to Cincinnati. There she met Mr. Zanone, and it proved to be a case of love at first sight, for Zanone, she says, immediately married her, and they went to live at the Hotel Bristol, where they have resided ever since.

Mrs. Zanone has a four-inch scar on the calf of her left leg, which, she says, was caused by a cut she received in a fight with a woman who sought to alienate her husband's affections from her.

Three very naughty Leetonia, O., boys placed several pretty young ladies of that town in a sad predicament the other day. The day was warm and the young ladies in question decided to take a bath in a neighboring stream. The boys learned of this and followed them. The water was cool and inviting, and the girls, believing the place secluded, stripped and plunged in. They did not consider bathing suits necessary. While they were in the midst of their enjoyment the three naughty boys appeared on the bank and whoop! The frightened ladies sought cover in deeper water and begged the boys to go away. The boys, however, were out for fun, and fastened themselves on the bank. They kept the girls swimming around in the water for at least an hour. The boys, wearying of watching, the boys got it into their heads that there would be still more fun if they could steal the girls' clothes. They hedged around to where the girls had their clothes hid among some bushes, and before the maidens were aware of what was being done the boys had started to run away with

the apparel. This had rather an electrical effect upon the girls, for they lost their heads and, getting out of the water, they pursued the mischievous boys for quite a distance, the girls wearing nothing but nature's garb. The girls succeeded in getting home without being seen by any of the town people, and threatened to have their persecutors arrested.

Charles A. Metcalf, of Malden, Mass., has a mania for eloping. He has just scored his fifth elopement by running away with pretty Miss Emma Rhein. Metcalf is thirty-eight years old. His first elopement was in 1880, with a Lowell girl, fifteen years old, whom he married, and by whom he had two children. Just before the birth of his second child he found an "affinity" in Providence, and with her ran away to California. Later he came back to his wife and was forgiven.

The family moved to Brockton, where Metcalf met another woman, whose attractions overpowered him, and together they skipped. The result was the same. He came back, went to Nashua, N. H., ran away with another girl, returned, and again his patient wife put trust in his promises to reform. Newburyport was his next hunting ground, and he "brought down his game." This time he skipped on a voyage to China, leaving his wife destitute.

She had been many times obliged to work in the mill to obtain bread for herself and children. About three years ago the prodigal returned, and the usual reconciliation took place. The couple went to Malden. Here Metcalf kept pretty straight, until he ran away with Miss Rhein, whose father says she has known Metcalf for less than six weeks. Mrs. Metcalf says she will now sue for a divorce.

It was the latter that caused Mr. Scott to cease his

heartlessly told the story of its former owner, and then she, too, disappeared. It was none too soon. Since that time Scott's office has been besieged by victims, detectives and constables. Warrants are in the hands of officers for his arrest and when found,

to riding in the patrol wagon and walked quietly with the officer to the City Hall. Though still wearing several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and a very stylish costume, she was placed in a cell, and after spending several hours in turnkey Shaw's charge was arraigned before Recorder Leedon and fined.

HER HUSBAND A WHITECAP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Emilie Dalton was recently taken from her bed and whipped in the most brutal fashion by a band of so-called White Caps at Salem, Ind. Since then Sheriff Underwood and Marshal Elliott have arrested Elijah Dalton, her husband; James Dalton, her brother, John Peyton, Edward Pollard and Arthur Barnett, who are charged with the whipping.

It now appears that the only offense charged against the unfortunate woman was the fact that she had recently sold a piece of property, inherited by the death of her father, and, further, that she had failed upon the demand of her husband to hand over the proceeds of the sale to him. Mrs. Dalton has been conveyed to Salem, and is now confined to her bed at the Overman House, still suffering intensely from the effects of forty stripes about her body and limbs, many of which cut deep into the flesh. All of the parties arrested have been fully identified by her. A preliminary trial will take place before Squi-Berkey, when all the facts connected with the brutal affair will be fully brought out.

WILLIAM WEITZELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William Weitzell, of Baltimore, Md., whose portrait appears in this issue, is the President of the East Baltimore Athletic Club. He is well-known in athletic circles and is a great sport promoter in the Monumental City. He has a legion of friends.

A POLICEMAN HER LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Chicago police circles have been in a ferment for the last few days over a scandal that cropped out before the trial board and which will inevitably result in the dismissal of Sergeant Al Taylor, of the Thirtieth precinct.

Norman W. Tupper is a wealthy contractor, with a sumptuous home at 1137 Jackson Boulevard. His wife and two little girls had everything they desired, but the mother's infatuation with Sergeant Taylor was the family skeleton. One day recently Mr. Tupper left the house, ostensibly for the day, but returned an hour later and going suddenly into the parlor found his wife on the lap of Taylor, her arms entwining his neck, and just about to kiss his official lips. Tupper made a wild dash for the policeman, who hastily pushed Mrs. Tupper aside and reached for his revolver. The wronged husband hesitated a moment and the sergeant made his escape.

Inspector Lyman Lewis upon investigating this case ordered Lieutenant Stanton to suspend Taylor. At the hearing before the trial board Contractor Tupper's two daughters testified that whenever the husband left the house Mrs. Tupper hung a signal on the rear porch and Taylor made a visit. Frequently the two retired to a bedroom and, locking the door, remained together for hours.

Taylor will undoubtedly be dismissed. He is a married man and has a wife and child living at 1413 Warren avenue. He joined the force six years ago and was made a sergeant under Mayor Washburne's reign. Mrs. Tupper has been turned out of doors by her husband, though both she and Taylor pronounce the charges a conspiracy to ruin their good names.

SHOT HIS WIFE AND HIMSELF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sigmund Wilber, aged twenty-eight, shot and instantly killed his wife, aged nineteen, the other night at Binghamton, N. Y. He then shot himself in the throat and died. The cause of the tragedy is unknown. The couple were married four years ago, but have not lived happily together. Wilber was addicted to drink, and on such occasions was very abusive. Four months ago Mrs. Wilber left him, going to the home of her parents on Clinton street.

Early in the evening Wilber called on his wife and endeavored to effect a reconciliation. He remained a short time and left. Mrs. Wilber promised to meet him downtown. She kept her engagement, but could not find him and returned to her father's house. He was there, and they had some words, which were followed by the shooting.

SPIDER KELLY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish an excellent portrait of Spider Kelly, the champion light-weight pugilist of the Pacific Coast. Kelly is open to fight any 135-pound man in America according to "Police Gazette" rules, for the largest purse. He is now under the management of Otto Floto.

AUGUST HOEHL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

August Hoehl, the champion German strong man, whose portrait appears on another page, is anxious to compete against any strong man in America. Hoehl is a powerful man and has accomplished some wonderful feats of strength.

ANITA COURTEMAY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Our theatrical page is embellished with a splendid likeness of Anita Courtenay. Miss Courtenay is a strikingly beautiful woman and clever artist, who is a decided favorite with English audiences.

"THE DEMI-MONDE OF PARIS," FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, NO. 7. Real and Daring Portrayal of Life in the Gay Capitals of the World. Superbly Illustrated. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



STOLE THE GIRLS' CLOTHES.



TRYED TO END HER LIFE.

no matter where, he will be brought back and placed on trial for his crimes.

Scott's scheme was a good one. He would loan money on notes, taking goods as security. He would make a duplicate of this note and in some instances a triplicate which he would proceed to sell. In this manner he robbed old man Schreiber of \$300. F. A. Cummings, with offices in the Inter Ocean building,

holds notes to the amount of \$250, forged on Charles H. Spohr, and others forged on Emily G. Roberts. Photographer Jaeger, of 302 South Halsted street could tell a tale of woe that would convince, while J. N. Radle, of 343 Wabash avenue, holds \$185 worth of forged notes. A woman named Mrs. Henderson secured a bill of sale on the office fixtures only to find that they were mortgaged for all they were worth to a man named Baldwin.

SHOCKED THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. J. H. Russell, a woman from Baltimore, Md., stopping at a prominent hotel on Atlantic avenue, Atlantic City, raised a great disturbance at the aforesaid hotel the other morning, about 2 o'clock.

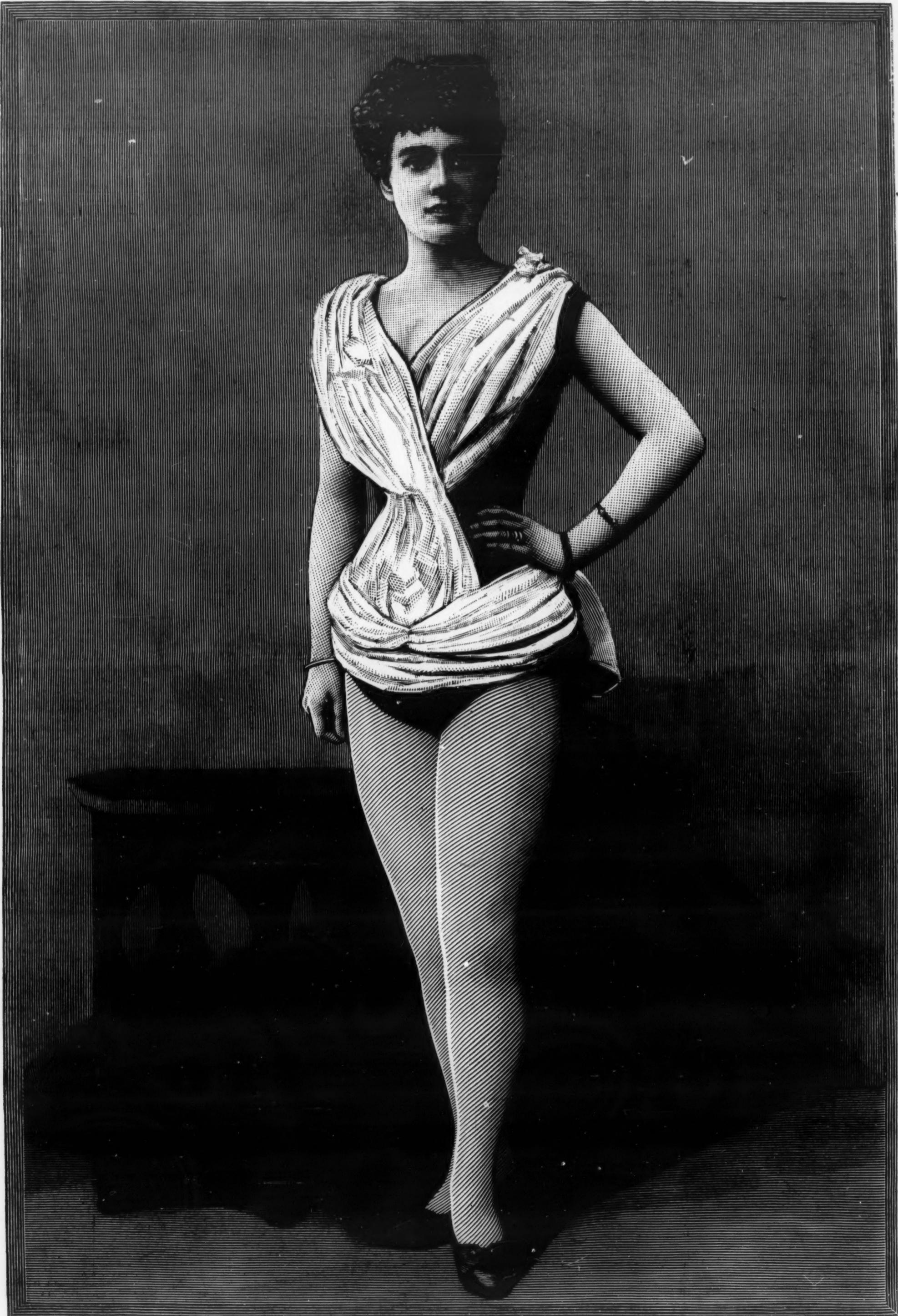
It appears that Mrs. Russell, who is thirty, plump and pretty, went out with a gentleman guest about thirty years her senior and imbibed a trifl more than was good for her. She became correspondingly hilarious, and induced the old gentleman to enter her room. Before he could interpose an objection she



MADE LOVE TO HIS TYPEWRITER.

locked the door, and began disrobing before him. The old chap became frightened, or anticipated future trouble from the woman's husband, and made a desperate but futile attempt to escape.

So much noise was made that the proprietor of the hotel called the police. Mrs. Russell was compelled to dress and Officer Cusack arrested her. She objected



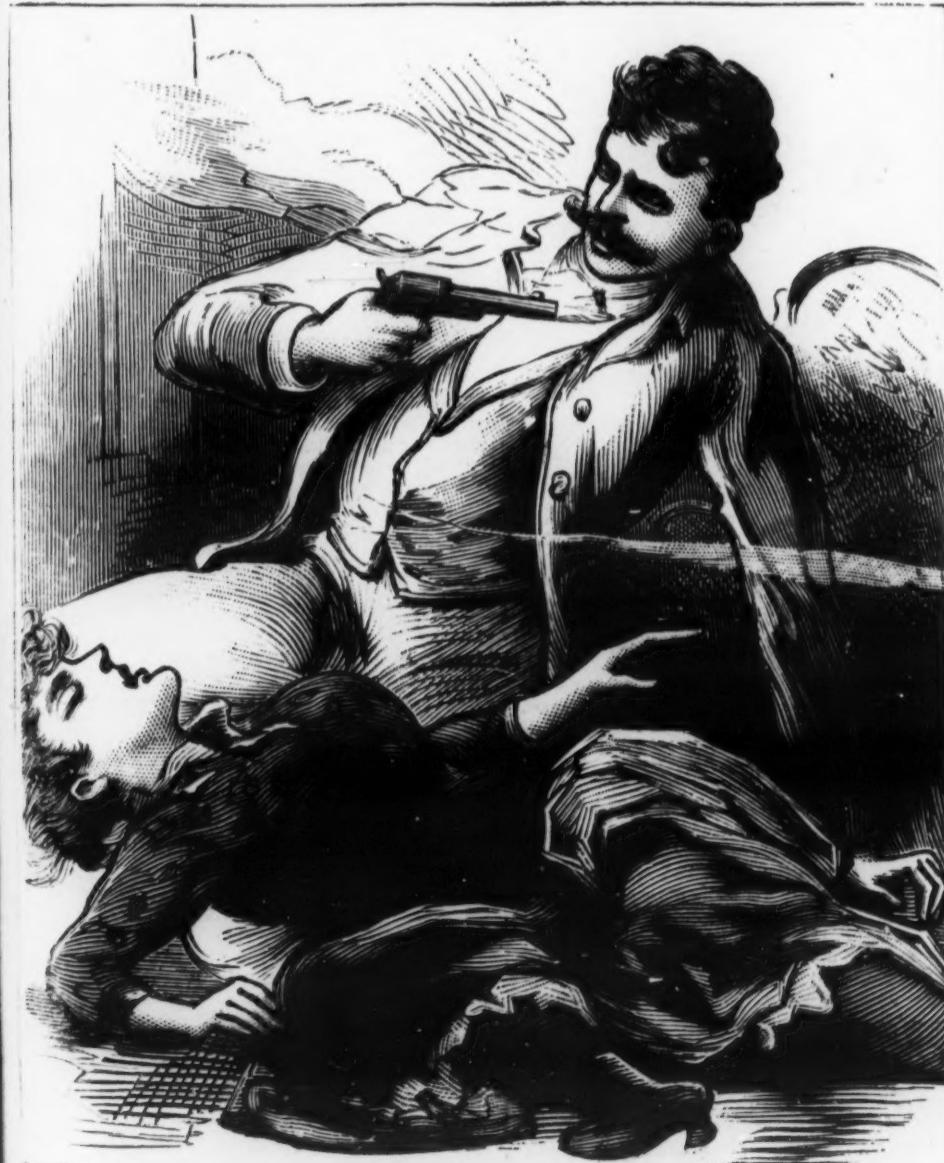
ANITA COURTENAY.

A PRETTY AND SHAPELY BURLESQUER, WHO IS FAVORABLY KNOWN IN ENGLISH THEATRICAL CIRCLES.



A POLICEMAN HER LOVER.

NORMAN W. TUPPER, A WEALTHY CHICAGO CONTRACTOR, FINDS HIS YOUNG AND PRETTY WIFE SEATED ON THE LAP OF OFFICER TAYLOR.



SHOT HIS WIFE AND HIMSELF.

SIGMUND WILBER, OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y., KILLS HIS YOUNG WIFE, FROM WHOM HE HAD BEEN SEPARATED, AND THEN COMMITS SUICIDE.



MRS. EMALINE DALTON TAKEN FROM HER BED AND BRUTALLY WHIPPED BY HER OWN INHUMAN RELATIVES AT SALEM, IND., RECENTLY.



SHOCKED THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

MRS. J. H. RUSSELL, OF BALTIMORE, CREATES A SENSATION AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., BY DISROBING IN THE PRESENCE OF AN ASTONISHED ADMIRER.

IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR.

Miss Williams Tells a Shocking Story of Dr. Griffin.

DID HE REALLY KISS HER?

The Young Lady's Brothers Do the Naughty Dentist Up.

A HOUSTON, TEX., SCANDAL.

The good people of Houston, Texas, are greatly shocked over a sensation which developed at the preliminary hearing in the case of Harry and Willie Williams, charged with aggravated assault and battery on the person of Dr. W. B. Griffin, a prominent dentist of that city. The assault in question occurred in the Capitol Hotel, and it is alleged the two young men banged the dentist with billiard cues, and did him up in pretty bad shape. The Williams boys claim that Dr. Griffin had taken undue liberties and insulted their sister while she was undergoing a dental operation in his office. The preliminary hearing was before Judge Mahoney, and the court room was crowded with people, who anticipated some spicy testimony. They were not disappointed.

This is the story Miss Lelia Williams, the sister of the Williams boys, told:

"On August 15 I called at Dr. Griffin's office to have some teeth fixed. He examined my teeth and told me that there were five that would have to be attended to. I told him all right and he went to work on them and drilled them out. After each tooth was drilled he told me to lean over and spit, and as I did so he put his arms around me and held me tight, and every time I flinched he patted me on the cheeks. After he got me in the chair he fastened the windows and locked the door. When he put his arms around me and patted my cheeks I thought he was rather familiar, but did not say anything on account of his being a dentist and meant no harm. It took one hour to drill my teeth out, and then he got ready to fill them. He put a piece of rubber in my mouth and straps around my neck and my head. He then let me down in the chair just as far as he possibly could, so I was perfectly flat. 'Now we are all ready,' said he, 'but your dress is too tight.' 'No, it isn't,' I said. 'Yes it is. You must take off your breastpin, and let me take it off,' he replied. I took the breastpin off and handed it to him. He said the dress was still too tight, and he took out another pin from my dress and laid it on the table. This left my breast exposed, and as he commenced to fill the teeth I felt his hands go down in my breast. I reached out with both hands and grabbed his hand, and he said if I did not turn it loose he could not fill my teeth. Then I turned loose his hand and tried to hold my dress together. He done most of his work with his right hand and kept feeling and squeezing me with his left. After he had finished the teeth I went to the looking glass and he started towards me to take the rubber out of my mouth. He put both arms around me and said: 'Now put both your arms around me and hug me as tight as you can.' I told him I wouldn't do it, and he said he couldn't take off the rubber if I didn't, and I said let me do it alone. He then took the rubber off and felt over my limbs and then felt of my bust, which he kissed. I put on my hat and hurried out of his office, and he shouted to me: 'Be sure and come back to-morrow.'"

Upon cross-examination she said she submitted to these insults for two hours because she thought he didn't mean anything at first, and afterwards she had a rubber in her mouth and she couldn't call for assistance. She further said that he gave her no opiates or anæsthetics, and that she only had one tooth filled.

Dr. Griffin, in his own behalf made this explanation: "Miss Williams went into the operating room and I worked on her teeth, filling two and putting arsenic in the others, which would have to be worked on. The work was difficult and had to be performed from beneath. Most of the time I was working with her I sat on the right side of her and put the filling in the teeth with the old hammer method that necessitates the use of both hands. After I had finished I felt proud of the work and with a mouth mirror showed how it had been done. She left the office apparently pleased and promised to return the next day and have the work completed. No complaint was made while I was working, and I did not know that I had given offense until the next day. A man who said his name was Williams came to my office the next day and said I had insulted his daughter; that I had put something in her mouth and touched her in private places. He seemed to be mad. I put in the lady's mouth what is known as rubber dam. It is a dental apparatus. It does not close the eyes, it being merely placed on a tooth to keep the filling dry until it hardens. There were four or five women in the sitting room during the time I was operating on the lady's teeth, and I pulled three or four teeth for parties at intervals during the operation. The door was at no time tightly closed as a spring and a rubber at the top will not allow it. Mr. Gray Perl, one of my students, was in the laboratory during the whole time and as the partition does not reach the ceiling he could have heard an unusual noise or conversation, and nobody was denied admittance to the operating room while the lady was there. I sat down while operating on her teeth and her head was on a level with my shoulder and I had to reach entirely across her body while plugging the teeth. She made no complaint about the movement of my hands. I prepared four teeth and filled two and was engaged about two hours. I have been in Houston four years last April, am a married man with three children, own a home in the city and have a good practice. I had never seen the lady before she made the appointment and made no improper remarks to her. She seemed modest and lady-like while she was at my office."

"When preparations for the operation were made I asked her if it would not be best to take off her breast-pin. She took it off and I laid it on the dressing case. I saw nothing of any other pin. I could

have got along without taking the breast-pin off. I had never heard that any one complained of my professional conduct."

The case is exciting lively interest in Houston, and opinion is divided.

SHE WAS AN ALDERMAN'S SWEETHEART.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Now this is a true story about a man and a woman and another man.

Louis L. Epstein, alderman of the First ward, owner of the far-famed Randolph street, Chicago, dime museum and man-about-town, is the man.

Madame Weber, proprietress, generaline and mistress of ceremonies at 435 Wabash avenue, is the woman.

Albert Adolph Leyendecker, general agent of the McAvoy Brewing Company, is the other man.

The joy of their meeting can best be learned by reading the last eighteen chapters of any of the late society

ranged her stock of pretty sayings and gentle smiles and bid herself and stock to the aforesaid placid, uneventful shores. This was Saturday, one week ago.

Sunday morning, while the warm sunshine was dissipating the miasmic mists and the little birds were carolling their doom-de-ayes in the bramble bushes, Adolph Albert bent his way toward the wave-kissed hotel. He was accompanied by a joyous, matutinal feeling and a companion named Brand, who is the bookkeeper of the McAvoy Brewing Company. Brand was talking and telling funny stories while Adolph Albert wasn't talking about the gayety of the adventure, and in this happy, jovial way the duo reached the hotel, and while Brand went to play solitaire Adolph Albert repaired to the boudoir where his alleged own was nervously and impatiently awaiting him.

The joy of their meeting can best be learned by reading the last eighteen chapters of any of the late society

But poor madame.

Louis made a lurch forward and his hard, unkind fist landed in the leddy's eye and staid there until the face blushed black and blue with sympathy. Then the madame made a dash for liberty. During her flight she received a few good, wholesome punches, but finally reached the pier.

At first she tried for a boat, but no boats were about, and then with wild, despairing scream she threw herself into the water where the bottom is twenty feet below.

The crowd was watching Adolph, but at the scream they rushed to the assistance of the woman. A number of men jumped in after her, but four reached her first. Then they started to save her, but the madame didn't want to be saved. She said she wanted to die, and intended to do as she wanted. This made the quartet more determined than ever upon saving her. They tried and tried again, but she fought and bit and struck and scrambled and screamed and kicked and raised more bumps and bruises and bit more arms and scratched more faces than those 996 people ever saw before. The struggle lasted thirty minutes by actual time, and then, exhausted and weak, the madame was brought out of the water and upon a stretcher was carried into the hotel.

Then Louis saw her again. He also saw a big bunch near the top of the madame's stocking. The others thought it a bruise but Louis didn't. He made a dash forward and while the rest looked on with wonder Louis rolled down the madame's stocking and out fell a big roll of money—\$400 in bills—wet and sticky, to be sure, but good enough for Louis and he put the roll in his pocket.

The hotel folks were greatly excited and ordered Louis and the madame to leave at once, but the madame was so ill they both stayed over night and in the morning they went away together.

HIS HEAD NEARLY SHOT OFF.

A desperate shooting affray occurred in the streets of Stanton, Ky., recently, during the primary election William H. Averitt, Prosecuting Attorney of Trimble county, was shot and terribly mangled by Robert Hardwick, who was fatally wounded a moment later by Asa Pettit, a friend of the murdered lawyer. An enmity had existed between Hardwick and Averitt for some time.

It dates back to the last May term of court in Trimble county, when paternity proceedings were instituted against John Hardwick, an uncle of Robert Hardwick. Young Averitt had charge of the prosecution of the case, and on account of his vigor in handling the case the enmity of the Hardwicks was aroused, and numerous threats against Averitt had been made by the Hardwicks and their friends. The final scene was enacted on the streets of Stanton. Young Averitt, accompanied by Asa Pettit, had just entered the store kept by that gentleman. The two lighted cigars and walked out in front of the store. Just across the street on the corner is a drug store conducted by Robert Hardwick.

The proprietor was standing in his door when Averitt and Pettit walked out. He saw them and cried: "Averitt, we had better settle our differences now. There is no time like the present, and I am ready. You have got to fight, and immediately at that. Come across and settle it."

Averitt refused to cross the street and remained on the platform in front of the store. Will Hardwick was in the Hardwick store, and at this point grabbed a Winchester and shot at Averitt, the ball grazing his ear. Averitt ran his hand under his belt for his revolver, but before he could get it out Robert Hardwick seized a shotgun and fired instantly at Averitt.

The load of buckshot took effect in Averitt's neck, face and breast, almost tearing his head from his body. He died instantly. The Hardwicks then commenced firing at Asa Pettit, who had come to his friend's defense, but failed to hit him, although one bullet passed through his hat. Pettit, seeing that things were getting warm, grabbed his Winchester and opened fire on the Hardwicks. A rapid exchange of shots ensued, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away it was found that Robert Hardwick had received a Winchester shot through the left lung. A rush was made to the spot and the men were disarmed by friends. More trouble is feared, as the friends of Averitt say that he was killed in cold blood. Averitt was 27 years of age and unmarried. He was very popular.

He was the son of Colonel W. B. Averitt and a nephew of Hon. W. B. Peak, ex-Senator and now Representative from Trimble County. Hardwick is 40 years of age and unmarried.

ASSAULTS HIS STEP-DAUGHTER.

James Watson, a prominent farmer near Evansville, Ind., called at the residence of his step-daughter, Mrs. Alexander H. Innis, recently. He went to the side door and walked in without knocking. Mrs. Innis was in the front room at her morning work, and there Watson went. The lady was surprised at her step-father's appearance, but it was not long before the object of his visit was made known.

Watson made indecent proposals to the lady, which were rejected, whereupon he took hold of Mrs. Innis and tried to force her into submission. She had anticipated this action, and, sliding down on the floor, she took hold of the bed-rail and held it as tightly as her strength would permit.

Then Watson grabbed hold of one of her limbs with one hand and held the other over her mouth. The struggling woman tried hard to scream, but could not. Her husband, who had been across the street chatting with some friends, luckily came home to get a drink of water, and in passing into the house heard the noise made by his wife in her struggles. Innis entered the room and the truth flashed upon him in a moment, and, rushing up to Watson, he kicked him loose from his wife, then jumped upon him, kicking and choking him alternately.

Watson defended himself against the desperate husband until he reached the doorway, and made his escape, with Innis in pursuit. Soon a large crowd followed him. Boys pelted the fleeing William with rocks and sticks. He was finally arrested and arraigned before Judge Butterfield, who held him over to the Circuit Court in the sum of \$1,000. Watson is one of the best known citizens of the county, and is said to be worth \$25,000. His wife is now attending the World's Fair. The victim of the assault is about 30 years of age, and is one of the most respected ladies in the city.

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"NOW WE ARE ALL READY."

novel, for space here is limited, but it was all very, very good.

The sun went on shining and the birds went on carolling and the waves went on rippling until high noon. At this momentous period the solitary glug-glug in the glistening gloom of the cellar cast a gleaming beam upon the rat and gurgled in melancholy pain.

Louie had arrived.

Not in the cellar, but in the office. He came in with a peaceful, seraphic smile upon his dark visage and iridescent gleams flashing from his \$3,000 diamond star.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Leyendecker here?" he asked sweetly.

"Oh, yes," replied the clerk, who was less versed in wisdom than Chicago hotel clerks are.



"BE SURE AND COME BACK TO-MORROW."

Louie knew not aught of this, or if he did Louie was wise and held his peace.

In the wild delirium of this their first, first love these picturesque romantics made peace offerings at the shrine of Mamma Discretion and reveled in the thought that nobody knew.

Adolph Albert, in the exuberance of his and his bar-tender's spirits, wrote a letter to the hotel upon the unoeventful but fashionable banks of Cedar Lake. And in the letter he ordered a suite of rooms held for himself and wife.

Saturday afternoon Madame Weber carefully ar-

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undergoing manufacture. They were having such a nice, domestic time.

The door opened.

"L-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-e!" gasped the madame, as she caught his reflection in the mirror.

"Epstein!" screeched Albert, as he forgot domesticity, forgot the peril of his sweetheart, forgot the promises he'd made to defend her, forgot how he loved her, forgot how she loved him and forgot all, all else in his wild, wild flight for liberty. He made a frantic dash and dodged beneath Louie's arm and half rolled and half sprawled down the stairway and out upon the pier, where he jumped wildly into the nearest rowboat and offered fabulous sums to be rowed across the lake.

A hundred folks that grew into a thousand saw the man being ferried away, coatless, hatless and shooless,

PLOTTED TO KILL HIM.

A Woman and Her Lover Conspire to Poison Hubby.

HER GUSHING LETTERS

Reveal the Plot To the Wife Of Her Paramour.

SENSATIONAL CHICAGO DIVORCE

Most astonishing charges are made in a bill for divorce in the Supreme Court, Chicago, by Mrs. Bella H. Hassett against William E. Hassett. It is alleged, and the allegations are supported by written evidence, that Hassett conspired with the wife of a wealthy farmer named Stone, now living near Nashua, Iowa, to murder Stone, get a divorce from his own wife and then marry the widow of Stone, who, by the letters attached, was more than ready to put her own husband out of the way that she might marry Hassett.

Mrs. Hassett is well known in the better circles of Cincinnati, where she taught school for several years. Her maiden name was Belle Cynthia Hicks, and her widowed mother yet resides in Cincinnati. Hassett comes from a wealthy family in Jefferson, Iowa.

His father was engaged in the hardware business in that place for a dozen or more years, and prior to his death, a short time ago, had accumulated a fortune, which will benefit Hassett, it is said, to the extent of \$60,000 or \$75,000. He was married to Miss Hicks, who at that time lived in Hamilton, Ohio, June 24, 1891.

About one year ago, while Hassett was traveling through Iowa, he became acquainted with Mrs. Nellie Stone, who was living with her husband, a wealthy farmer in Nashua. The woman, the bill alleges, became enamored of Hassett, and, it is charged, made propositions to make away with her husband, who was past middle age and an invalid. What the initial developments of the alleged conspiracy to murder farmer Stone were have not been made known. While all this was going on Mrs. Hassett remained at her comfortable home. The alleged plot, as evidenced by the data attached to the bill, was to take Stone to Chicago on a trip to the World's Fair, and then place a quantity of poison in the medicine he was taking. The couple hoped to shield themselves, it is said, from the clutches of the law by giving out that the death of Mrs. Stone's husband was from natural causes.

Mrs. Hassett became aware of the so-called intrigue through an accident. Not long ago her husband came home in an intoxicated condition and a quarrel arose, resulting in the defendant telling his wife that he had a woman living in Iowa who loved him more than she, and if she did not believe it she would find a number of letters in his trunk which would prove it.

Mrs. Hassett was quick to act on the information given her, and while her husband was away from home she opened his trunk and found the letters. She was horrified at their contents, and immediately put the matter in the hands of her attorneys, who prepared the bill for divorce. The most important letters of the bundle were read and attached to the bill.

The letters referred to are as follows:

NASHUA, Ia., June 28, 1893.
MY OWN DEAR WILL—As I am alone to-day, I will try to write one letter without being frightened out of my wits. I wish you were here to-day so we could talk things over. I am awfully afraid of letters, but this seems to be the only way. You must not write me later than Thursday, so I can get it Friday. We will get in Chicago Sunday morning at 6:30. Pretty early for you to get up, but you must get there. Now, dear, I think we will try between ourselves to have some accident happen the night of the 4th. I don't know what time I will go to the grounds Tuesday, but you must be my shadow. We will stay on the grounds in the evening to see the display.

Do not be too daring and get caught, but something must be done, and I do not feel like doing it alone. I have thought of a great many things. Now there is a gentleman who visited at my home a short time ago; a good, reliable man and a gentleman. I would send for him as soon as anything happened. I think he will be at the League Hotel, near the grounds. After which I would send for you, but some one else must be there first, don't you see, to save you, my darling, from being accused. Oh! darling, you ought to be good to me. God knows I have proved to you in every way how much I love you. Sometimes a crowd of people makes him sick, if I gave him anything I would say he got overheated during the day. I want it to happen between the first and sixth. If it could only happen when I least expect it, I could be more shocked. You see I will have to put on a great deal. Now, if we succeed, we will have to be very careful. He has a son who would have to be sent for, and he and I could settle everything better alone. You see, I would have to keep my place as a widow a proper length of time in order to be anybody in the future, and I am sure you would want your wife to be somebody of good standing.

Now think of all this; you know you have to have a divorce, and I could, by living careful, see you often and still be well thought of; if there is no other way, something can be given him, but I am afraid I should fail in the attempt. We must not let the chance slip. I would have to take him on to New York; then I could see you as I came back, and we could plan our future. If you get this in time write me to-morrow.

Put on your goggles to come to the depot, and be careful. He will not leave me long. If he once suspects us we might as well give up. Your own

NELLIE.

FRIDAY A.M., 6:30.

MY OWN DARLING BOY: The time of starting has been changed. We will leave here Monday morning, July 3, change at Waterloo, and go on the K. C. Get into C. some time after me. You will know Monday night should you get a telegram in the meantime. Do not come here, for it would not do and I would not be here. Now, Babe, you can get some P. acid and give it to me, also some morphine. We may go in with a minister and his wife, but they will leave us Tuesday morning and go on east. Do not attempt to say anything to me unless I give you permission.

I could do something before I go in, but he seems in perfect health to look at him, and is feeling the best he has for long time, but if I have a shadow of a chance I will see what can be done between this and Monday am. I am just wild. I do not wish you to keep one line that I have written since our marriage. You do not need them. You will have me when the time comes, and ashes tell no tales.

I shall burn every letter (as bad as I hate to) before I leave here. If I cannot do anything here, he must get hurt in Chicago accidentally. You can manage that yourself, and I can give him his medicine with something in it. He is not taking one bit of medicine now. So you see it would be a deliberate act of mine, and oh, how heartless it would seem! But a woman will do anything for love.

grave," she said. "I always had implicit faith in my husband and believed all he told me. I do not know that I have ever seen Mrs. Stone, though two weeks ago a woman called here to see Mr. Hassett, who might have been her."

"Do you propose to institute criminal proceedings against your husband and Mrs. Stone?"

"That I cannot tell. The matter is solely in the hands of my attorneys."

A GENUINE AND FASCINATING COW GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

West of Chamberlain, S. D., in the ceded Sioux lands, is a genuine female cowboy. Her name is Gertrude Petran, 18 years of age, and she formerly lived with her parents near Kimball. Upon her parents removing to the ceded lands she accompanied them, and has since remained at their new home on Bull creek, in Pratt County. Her father invested in about 300 head of cattle. As her only brother works on an adjoining ranch, the duty devolves upon her to take care of the cattle owned by her father. She does not simply take the cattle to the range and leave them there, but remains with them all day and takes care of them as well as could any cowboy. Her duties frequently take her from 30 to 40 miles from home, as the cattle must be kept moving in order to feed good all day. Frequently some of the cattle become mired in mud along the streams where they graze, and then comes the hardest part of her work. She must rescue the cattle from their perilous position. This she does in true

which they donned," said Mr. Hobbs, "and it is not true that they were unable to get regular bathing suits. They are as nicely dressed as the young ladies at any resort. I suppose they did it for a lark."

BRAVE AS WELL AS PRETTY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A panel of fencing caused a fight between Messrs. Robert Miller and W. L. Hargrove, two prominent citizens of Moseleyville, a suburb of Milledgeville, Ga., recently. Miller languishes upon a bed, battling between life and death, while Hargrove stands behind the bars of Baldwin's new jail. Should Miller die, and his condition is now desperate, a charge of murder will be brought against Hargrove. These gentlemen are neighbors in Moseleyville, and Hargrove owns two or three tenement houses that he recently rented to negroes. Miller's pasture stands between the houses and the road, and recently, Hargrove tore down a panel of Miller's fencing to make an opening for his tenants to pass. The ground on which the fence was built belongs to Miller, and late in the evening that gentleman went out to repair the fence. Hargrove saw him as he did so, and in a few minutes was upon the scene with his pistol. He told Miller, so the evidence runs, not to place a rail and threatened him if he did so. Miller told him to go off and attend to his own business, whereupon a fist fight ensued. Hargrove drew his pistol and both men clinched.

During the scuffle Hargrove wrenches himself loose from Miller and fired two shots, one of them passing through the jaw bone, ranging down under the tongue and lodging down behind the throat. In the meantime Miller's daughter grabbed a hammer and struck Hargrove in the back, partially paralyzing one side. Hargrove dodged behind a tree after firing, but Miller's pistol snapped without effect. Both men stand high in the neighborhood and the affair is exceedingly regretted.

SAYD SHE WOULD AND DID.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Head waiter Cary at the restaurant at Crystal Beach, Buffalo, N. Y., has experienced the novel sensation of seeing his wife leave him by the balloon route. And a more surprised man could not have been found between dawn and sunset. Cary is a "masher" and has kept his wife and babies in the background while he carried on flirtations with the fair diners at his table.

Mrs. Cary had a quarrel with her spouse lately, which ended in a threat that she would leave him for a home beyond the skies. The other afternoon a big crowd had assembled to see the balloon ascension. Just before the gas bag was filled Mrs. Cary trundled the baby over in its carriage and left it with her husband. The next Cary heard was the shout: "Cary, there goes your wife." Cary looked up and saw, to his amazement, hanging to the balloon the wife of his bosom. She seemed self-possessed on her aerial perch, and waved adieu to the crowd as she ascended.

He stood as if transfixed, unable to utter a cry. Presently the balloon was checked in its skyward course and then to his consternation the deserted husband saw his better half cut loose from the airship and drop with a parachute to the earth.

She landed only a few rods from her starting place. She was not half so scared as her husband, and it is safe to say Cary will not flirt again until he recovers from his fright.

SAW HIM THROUGH A WINDOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Thirteen years ago Jennie S. Sheldon was married to Wallace O. Edler, a member of the firm of Musee & Co., importers of laces in New York. The other day the wife filed a bill for divorce in Chicago.

The bill shows that on March 1 last Mrs. Edler left her husband because, she said, he had been guilty of improper conduct with various women in New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois.

Attorney Reeves said:

"My client, who is now residing with her mother, Mrs. L. M. Sheldon, of 162 Oakland Boulevard, is favorably known in New York and Chicago society. When she was married to Mr. Edler it was quite an event. When Mr. Edler commenced to take regular trips out of New York, ostensibly to visit his numerous customers, Mrs. Edler employed a detective. In various cities Mr. Edler visited women. On arrival in Chicago Mr. Edler registered at the Palmer House, and the same evening drove down Prairie Avenue, followed by the sleuth. Edler entered a well-known residence. A Chicago millionaire's wife greeted him. Through a window the detective witnessed the scene, and later saw the couple go to an upper chamber. It was 10 o'clock the next morning when Mr. Edler returned to his hotel. Mrs. Edler does not know how much her husband's business is worth, but is positive he earns more than \$7,000 a year."

Lawyer Reeves refused to disclose the co-respondent's name, saying he must first secure an attachment in order to keep the person from leaving town.

CHARLES GAGNON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles Gagnon, better known as "Charley the Sport," is a well known and popular character in West Duluth, Minn. He is the proprietor of one of the finest barber shops in the town, and is a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE.

WILLIAM DE NUTH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Wm. De Nuth, whose portrait appears in this issue, resides in Brooklyn, E. D. He is a famous cossack and has figured in numerous races with many of the best cossacks in America.

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HASSETT AND HIS PARAMOUR

The fellow I spoke of has a "cinch" on me, I have none on him. He offered to put 8. out of the way if I would give him \$1,000, and I told him to do it. He has done such things before, but I don't know where he is and I dare not ask. I will try to make him sick between now and Monday morning, but I cannot get him to take anything unless he is. Now, do not write anything more after you get this. I will not write anything more, and all letters on both sides must be destroyed at once. If one of us gets into trouble we must not give the other away. We will never put one word on paper again in regard to this business. It is dangerous.

Now, good-by until I see you in Chicago, but don't let him get sight of you if you intend to do anything. If it does not happen there, it will happen pretty soon after I get back here or in Davenport on our way home. Now do as you think best: I can give him a dose in Davenport and no one will ever know it. Good-bye once more.

Your own true NELLIE.

When Hassett became aware in his sober moments that his wife had obtained possession of the letters, he made an attempt to kill her, it is said, and was only prevented from doing so by the interference of neighbors.

Mrs. Hassett was seen and admitted all the allegations contained in the bill, but was loath to give any additional information.

"My poor old mother is dying with a broken heart, and I fear the last circumstance will send her to the grave."

"MISTRESS OR WIFE!" BY PAUL DE KOCK, No. 13 of FOX'S SENNATIONAL SERIES, is an exquisite story, in the best vein of this famous French writer. The illustrations are gay and unique. Price, 20 cents by mail or from any newsdealer. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

cowboy fashion by fastening a lariat to the horns of the mired cattle, with the other end of the rope fastened securely to the horn of her saddle. Then a strong, steady pull by her pony draws the impounded cattle to a place of safety on dry ground. The young lady has been named "The Lady Cowboy" by the cowboys in that section. She dresses in the fashion prevailing among the cowboys. She wears a wide-brimmed white felt hat, long gauntlet gloves, carries a lariat coiled about the horn of her saddle, is provided with branding irons, and rides the wildest broncho on the range. She has full charge of the cattle on her father's ranch.

CHICAGO GIRLS ON A LARK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One hundred working girls enjoying an outing at the Cottage Home, at Lake Bluff, near Chicago, had a jolly lark recently that ended in chagrin and displeasure. Not having less modest suits they donned coats and trousers belonging to their fathers and brothers and went into the water, first having hired the Minnetonka bathhouse for the day. Some of the super-sensitive dwellers at the resort professed to be shocked at this, and complained to the manager of the bathhouse. He induced the girls to come out of the water.

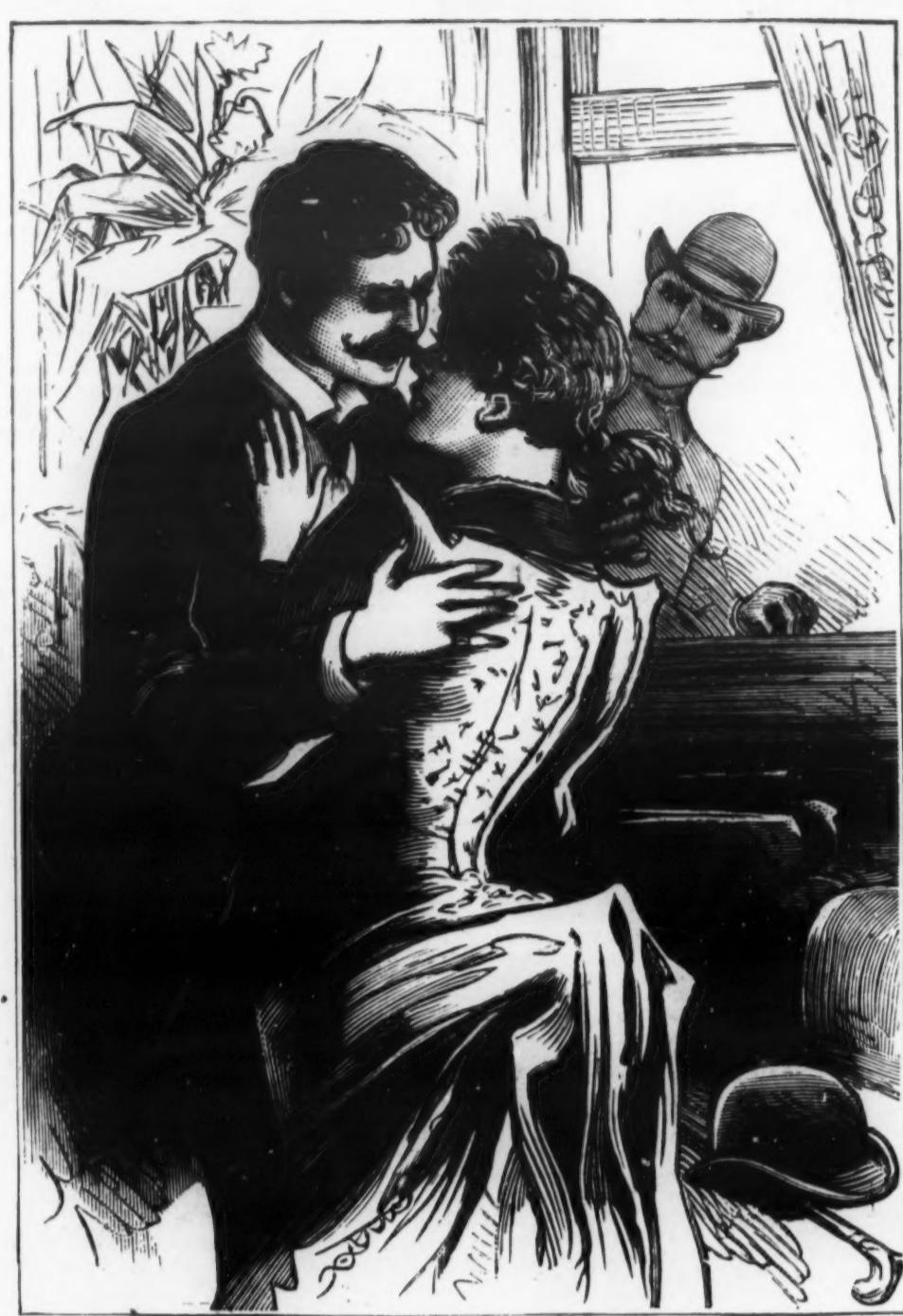
James B. Hobbs, the Chicago banker and churchman, has large proprietary rights in Lake Bluff, and did not approve of the fashion in bathing suits which was inaugurated and summarily dealt with at the camp meeting resort. It was said that the young ladies could not afford to purchase the regulation surf costume, and in order to enjoy a plunge in the classic waves of Lake Michigan were compelled to improvise their attire.

"It wasn't their big but their little brothers' clothes



BRAVE AS WELL AS PRETTY.

A PISTOL DOES NOT DETER MISS MILLER FROM ATTACKING HER FATHER'S ASSAILANT WITH A HAMMER NEAR MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.



SAW HIM THROUGH A WINDOW.

WALLACE EDLER'S CONDUCT WITH A MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE CAUSES HIS BETTER-HALF TO FILE A SUIT FOR DIVORCE AT CHICAGO.



SAID SHE WOULD AND DID.

MRS. CARY CURES HER HUSBAND OF FLIRTING BY ASCENDING IN A BALLOON AT BUFFALO, N. Y.





SHE WAS AN ALDERMAN'S SWEETHEART.

AND WHEN THE CHICAGO CITY FATHER CAUGHT HER WITH ANOTHER MAN HE MADE THINGS
LIVELY, AND SHE, IN HER FRIGHT, JUMPED OVERBOARD.

SEPT. 16, 1893.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

11

THE PLIMMER-DIXON CO.

Not Likely the Two Will Have a Finish Fight At Present.

INTEREST IN AMERICA'S CUP.

The defeat of a champion has, in my opinion, a beneficial effect, not only on the champion, but on the branch of sport he represented. In all sports reactions must occur. A defeat of a champion creates a new interest in the conqueror, and it also convinces the defeated man that he is not invincible. Nearly every athlete, after he wins the championship, becomes over confident, and it is only a matter of time when he will meet his downfall. Go away back for a century and trace up champions who have won and lost in the prize ring, and the cause can be laid to either over confidence or fast living. This has proved true of pugilism, as the defeats of Sullivan, of Dempsey, of Goddard, of Cal McCarthy and half a dozen others, and now Dixon, testify. Each of the above has had his day. He fought once too often, that is all, and because Corbett, Denver Smith and Bob Fitzsimmons are on Easy street, interest is maintained. If the same fighters in the several classes continued to win year after year, the game would lack for patronage. The sport-loving American loves "fair play and no favor," and he particularly likes to see championships change hands. In consequence the majority of the sporting public is glad Plummer beat Dixon, not because the latter is colored, as is generally supposed (color cuts no figure in the ring anyway), but for the reason that he has been supreme for years.

The Columbian Club officials do not believe that Jack Dempsey will meet Dick Burge, and they offer a \$10,000 purse for the English light-weight and Billy Smith, of Boston. Joe Lewis the backer of Billy Smith, when informed of the offer, said he would accept it for Smith.

Ever since Dixon succeeded in winning the championship from Cal McCarthy he has been in the public eye "certainly" as much, if not more, than John L. Sullivan. Tom O'Rourke, one of the most zealous and shrewd men in the show business, has managed Dixon, and so cleverly that it would not, I think, be exaggerating to say that their combined profits from exhibitions, outside of Dixon's fights, aggregate \$200,000. The little fellow's attractive qualities were such that he was always in demand, and he could invariably name his own terms. To have been defeated, even in such an unsatisfactory way by Plummer, means that his prestige as a pugilistic star has been dimmed. The feeble public will hesitate to think of the 106 men he has knocked out during his uninterrupted career of victory. People will be prone rather to criticize his single defeat and take that as a medium for insult and rebuke.

Of course Dixon is "hot rags" to get on with Plummer to a finish, but if I'm not mistaken it will be many moons before he fights anybody to a finish, and especially Dixon, the latter, if ever. He has the game in his own hands now, and Charley Norton knows a thing or two himself about handling fighters. As long as Plummer continues to be a drawing card in variety theatres there is not much danger of his being called upon to fight anybody, only at such times as he himself feels like doing so. With the prestige attached to being the only fighter to whom Dixon, with his world's championship record, ever lowered his colors, he may for years to come be the pet of the pugilistic world and reap the reward of victory.

If Pendragon had sent for "The Life and Battles of Jack Dempsey," published by Richard K. Fox, he might have discovered that the winner of the "Police Gazette" middle-weight belt had a better record than he claims. Nine of Dempsey's battles took ten or more rounds to decide. These are as follows: Ned McDonald, 21; Jack Boylan, 22; George Fuljames, 22; Jack Fogarty, 18; La Blanche, 21; John Regan, 45; Dominick McCaffey, 10. Beaten by La Blanche, 21; Bob Fitzsimmons, 10. Of those enumerated, six were skin-light gloves, three were on the turf and six were acknowledged to be for championship humors. I have not referred to his second fight with Boylan, which occupied thirty-five minutes; of his victory over Dacey in 9 rounds, of his defeat of Turnbill, Billy Fraser, Jimmy Ryan, Jim Fall, Charley Simeons, Tom Barry, Tom Cleary, Jack Keenan, Dave Campbell, Tom Henry, Pete McCoy, Mike Roane, Sandy Hannister and Billy Baker, both of Buffalo; Jack Langdon, Danny Killean, Frank Boworth, Danny Kellher and Billy Gibig. Perhaps, now that Pendragon's memory has been refreshed, he will regret his scurriality and the meanness of his attack on a man once great but who is now in unfortunate circumstances.

REFEREE.

Since the meeting between Plummer and Dixon many have come to the conclusion that because Plummer had the best of the four rounds, which was the number named to be fought, that Plummer can defeat Dixon. All glove contests in which the rounds are limited to four or six are mere competitions and the results, no matter whether they are in favor or against a champion in no wise affects his claim to the championship, neither does the contest prove who is the best pugilist except in the competition. Plummer certainly had the best of Dixon for the four rounds, but then the contest ended. If the battle, for it was one while it lasted, had been continued, probably the result would have been different. Champion pugilists in my opinion are loath to engage in limited number of round contests, because they do not prepare themselves for the conflict as they would if they had to battle to a finish and they say "why I can whip that fellow without training." Thus they fail to train and when it comes to an issue they find they have made a mistake. Dixon's battle with Plummer taught him a lesson, but he is not the only champion who has received a dose of the same sort. John L. Sullivan, when he was to meet Tug Wilson, believed he could defeat him in a round. He did not train and after three rounds had been fought he found himself in the same boat drifting on to the breakers. At the time Sullivan was to fight Charley Mitchell at Agremont, France, March 10, 1889, Sullivan would not have his mustache shaved off so confident was he of winning. Over confidence gave him the same sort of shock Dixon received.

Jack Dempsey was another champion who had a narrow escape by over confidence and failing to properly train. He had the Dixon end of a glove contest with Reddy Gallagher. It was a limited number of rounds that Mike Donavan and Jack Dempsey boxed when the former fairly defeated Dempsey, that is to say Plummer defeated Dixon, but the referee decided the contest a draw claiming that he did not want to marach Dempsey's reputation. Defeat in a four or six round glove contest in my opinion amounts to nothing, unless one or the other of the contestants is knocked out or unable to continue the contest. Charley Mitchell was defeated in a four round glove contest by Dominick McCaffey in Madison Square Garden according to the decision of the referee. If the battle had been continued decision would have been reversed. Dixon still holds the "Police Gazette" championship belt, which represents the featherweight championship of the world. His next battle will be with Billy Smith, of Los Angeles, Cal., who recently defeated Johnny Griffin in the Columbian Club, Hoby, Ind. Should Smith win, Dixon will have to hand him the trophy and the former will have to defend it against all comers. The Dixon-Smith battle will be fought in the Coney Island Club on September 25. Already Dixon has been made to experience what the loss of championship prestige means, for Billy Smith, against whom he is matched to fight to a finish, has expressed a disinclination to meet a loser. So far as Smith is concerned, I don't think he will be quite so ceremonious after he has exchanged blows with the little colored lad. The latter cannot afford to have a repetition of the Plummer affair and that he will give the Californian a surprise I am convinced.

Harry Wheeler, the renowned cyclist, is without doubt at his very best. At the meeting of the National Cycling Association at Eastern Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Aug. 26, he broke all records, English as well as American, for a 5-mile competition on a 4-lap track, covering the distance in 12 minutes 42.5 seconds. His time for the various miles was 3 minutes 24.5 seconds, 4 minutes 47 seconds, 7 minutes 11.25 seconds, 9 minutes 45 seconds, 12 minutes 42.5 seconds. The last quarter was made in 27.5 seconds, and the best record, held by Zimmerman, is 27 seconds.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, — New York.

C. & H. Bristol, Conn.—Yes.

V. V., Detroit, Mich.—We cannot say.

READER, — We have not the statistics.

W. S., Columbus, O.—Low, Jack goes out first.

J. J. M., West Orange, N. J.—Charley Mitchell.

G. H. B., New York.—We cannot use your photo.

H. F., Chicago, Ill.—George Dixon was born in 1871.

R. T., Harrison, N. J.—The man with the nose, of course.

T. W. R., New York.—He received an inspector's salary.

C. A. B., Elkhornburg, Wash.—We cannot publish the photo.

F. P. M., Buffalo, N. Y.—Send on a challenge with a forfeit.

S. W. H., Fultonville, N. Y.—No; it is the next player's first bet.

G. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We do not charge for publishing portraits.

C. E. N., Fort Dodge, Iowa.—Not after the trump card is turned.

A. M., Savannah, Ga.—We have not Charley Merchant's address, 2. No.

F. W., New York.—Send a challenge with a forfeit and we will give it publicity.

H. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.—T. Cartwright won a Sheffield handicap on Aug. 18, 1871.

J. W. H., Albany, N. Y.—We do not decide catch bets. Draw down your money.

G. S., New York.—Jack Dempsey never kept a saloon on the Bowery, New York.

T. J. C., Cleveland, O.—The championship is in abeyance. Ed. Smith claims the title.

T. J. K., Mingo Junction, O.—We have not the address of Hugh Kelly, the pugilist.

W. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Send 50 cents. We will send you the standard book on boxing.

O. C. R., Fairbury, Neb.—Address a letter to Robert Flinerton, Exchange Place, New York.

G. E., Armidale, Kan.—There are no rules governing the game. It is played similar to quoits.

M. W. R., Ypsilanti, Mich.—Send 50 cents to this office and we will send you a copy of "Monte Carlo."

E. W. J., New York.—1. We do not know any one who will back you. 2. In the Fourth ward, New York city.

A. B. St. Louis, Mo.—Jack McAuliffe was born in Cork, Ireland. 2. Sandow was born in Pompernia, Prussia.

F. K., Chicago, Ill.—1. We do not know what rules governed.

2. The referee is the proper person to settle the question.

W. F. J., Kansas City.—The fastest time on record for swimming one mile is 30 minutes 8 seconds made by J. Nutall.

E. D., Richmond, Va.—George Dixon was born on July 29, 1870. 2. Yes. He is the feather-weight champion of the world.

G. M. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Address a letter to Dan O'Leary care of Inter-Ocean, Chicago. He is to manage the proposed race.

F. T. R. C., Fort Thomas, Ky.—In the first place there is no such hand as a "double ace flush." The best hand wins in every case.

C. M., Milton, Pa.—A royal flush is the ace, king, queen, jack, ten of any suit. Called royal because it includes the court cards.

F. A. D., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Jem Mace held the championship of England longer than John L. Sullivan held the championship of America.

J. E. J., Williams, Ariz.—1. Peter Maher and Bob Fitzsimmons fought 15 rounds when they fought for \$10,000 in New Orleans. 2. No.

JACK POT, New York.—He should have laid the card to one side, in full view of the players. Under the circumstances A did not win the pot.

L. L. Hartford, Conn.—Hugging on the ropes or off the ropes when pugilists are fighting is foul according to Marquis of Queensberry rules.

A. K. W., Roanoke, Va.—A professional is an athlete who competes for money. An amateur is an athlete who does not compete for money.

J. K., Chicago, Ill.—Billy Myer was born in Streator, Ill., Feb. 23, 1860. 2. Myer fought Jimmy Carroll Dec. 3, 1881. 3. He was 31 years of age.

C. H., Worcester, N. Y.—Charley Mitchell, technically speaking, was never defeated in the prize ring in any contest upon which a stake or purse depended.

S. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—It was the duty of the referee to settle the question when the judges disagreed. 3. The first decision was final and could not be reversed.

J. T. C., Tallahassee, Fla.—Peter Jackson has been defeated; Bill Farman defeated him in Australia. 2. It is a question which can only be decided by a contest in the arena.

M. W., Paterson, N. J.—The fastest amateur time on record for one mile swimming is 30 minutes 8 seconds, made by J. Nutall of England, at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, on August 18, 1893.

W. J. L., Bristol, Conn.—There is no such thing as a chance blow when two men of equal size and strength are fighting. It is not a chance blow that caused Hall's defeat by Bob Fitzsimmons.

J. M., Nashville, Tenn.—1. Charley Mitchell was born at Birmingham, England, Nov. 24, 1861. 2. Corbett and Mitchell have never fought or boxed as opponents. 3. Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson fought 61 rounds.

W. J., Boston, Mass.—The fastest time on record for running five miles on a bicycle is 12 minutes 42.5 seconds, made by Harry Wheeler, of Orange, N. J., on a quarter-mile track, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Aug. 26, 1893.

M. L., Troy, N. Y.—George Dixon has fought Cal McCarthy twice. The first battle ended in a draw and in the second Dixon won. The battle fought on Feb. 7, 1890, between Dixon and McCarthy lasted 4 hours and 40 minutes.

J. H. S. & J. W. D., Hampton, Va.—Commander Blant, commander of squadron, hoisted the American flag at Monterey, Calif., July 1, 1846. Commander Montgomery, of the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, hoisted the American flag at San Francisco on July 8, 1846. 2. The battle of Resaca de la Palma was fought by Genl. Taylor before the declaration of war by U. S. Congress. 3. Yes.

W. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—If the race was postponed for one week after you and your opponent ran a dead heat and it was mutually agreed by your opponent and yourself to postpone the race over Sunday you are entitled to the stakes by your opponent failing to appear. On the other hand if your opponent did not agree to run the race when the referee named, and he could object as Sunday intervened, then neither are entitled to the stakes.

P. W., Chicago, Ill.—Johnny Bagen was born in New York City on June 28, 1868. Bagen fought Chas. Bogart of Brooklyn; James Donnelly, James Welsh, Jack Bogart, Bill Garrett, English Fay, Tom McCoy, Dick Williams, Mike Leahy, Billy Tosca, W. Banks and Jack Files. The battle with Files lasted 2 hours 45 minutes, 44 rounds being contested.

3. Yes.

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10. Yes.



A JEALOUS LOVER'S CRIME.

HE DELIBERATELY SHOOTS DOWN HIS FIANCÉE AND THEN KILLS HIMSELF, IN WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y.



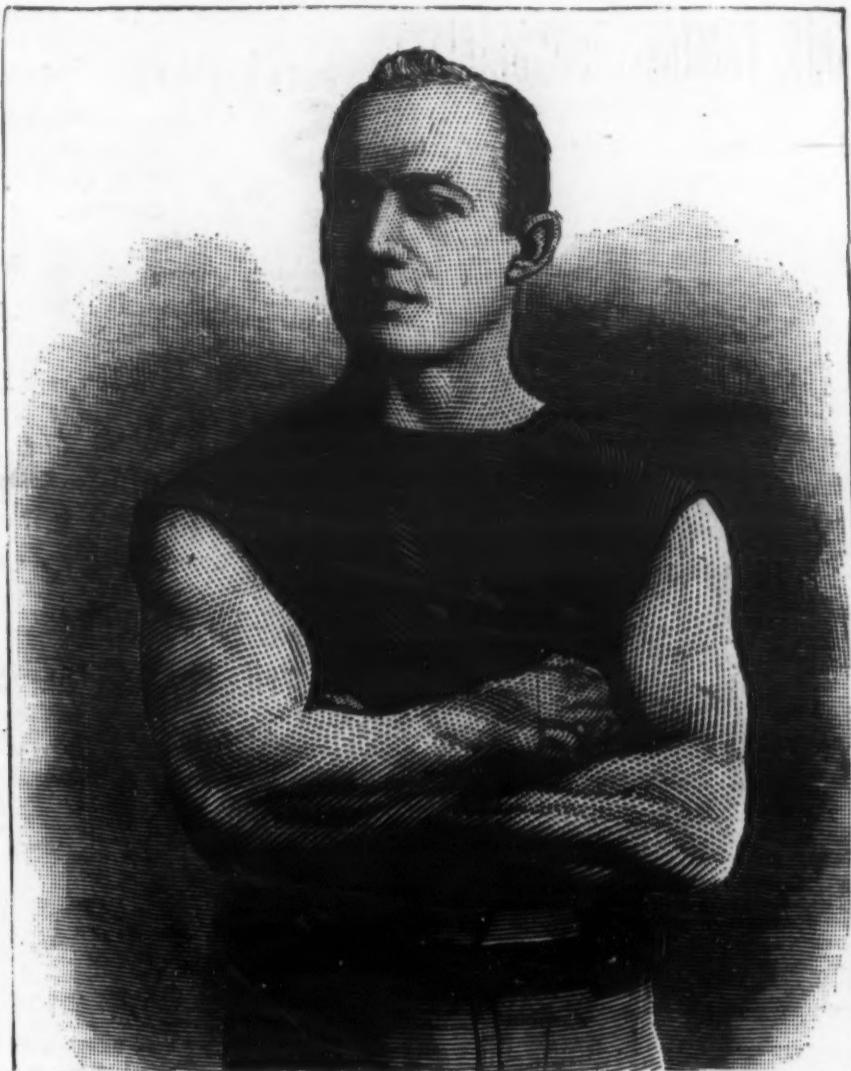
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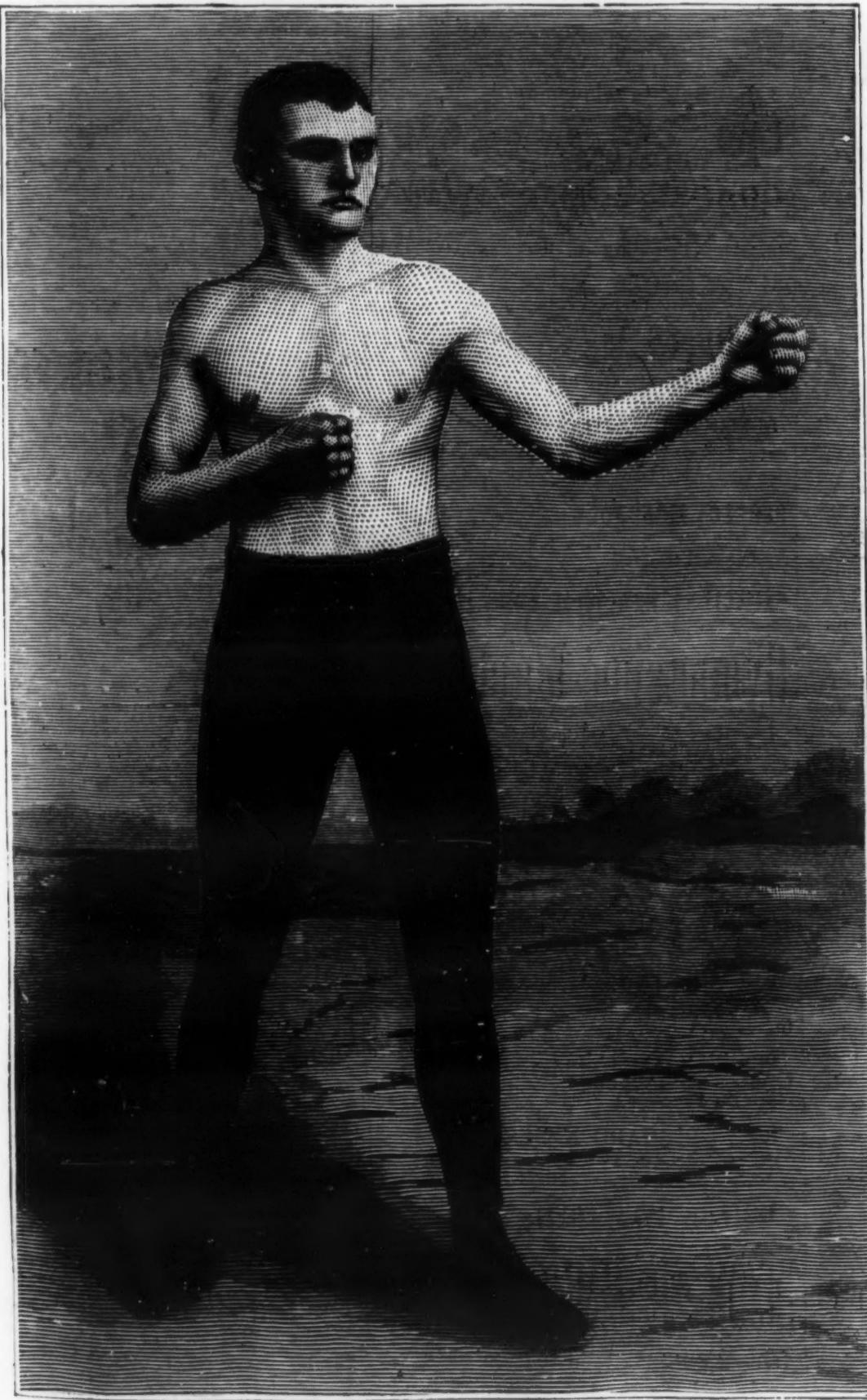
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WEAK,
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I was quickly and Permanently cured of Nightly Emissions, Complete Impotency, Varicocele and all. Wasted and Shrunken Organs caused by Self-Abuse. Thousands have been Fully Restored through me. I will mail the means of this UNFAILING SELF-CURE (Sealed) FREE!

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Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 1 p.m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills before the morning, the more three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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